

NO.  
17

# BLACK HOOD

AN  
**Archie**  
MAGAZINE

WINTER *comics*

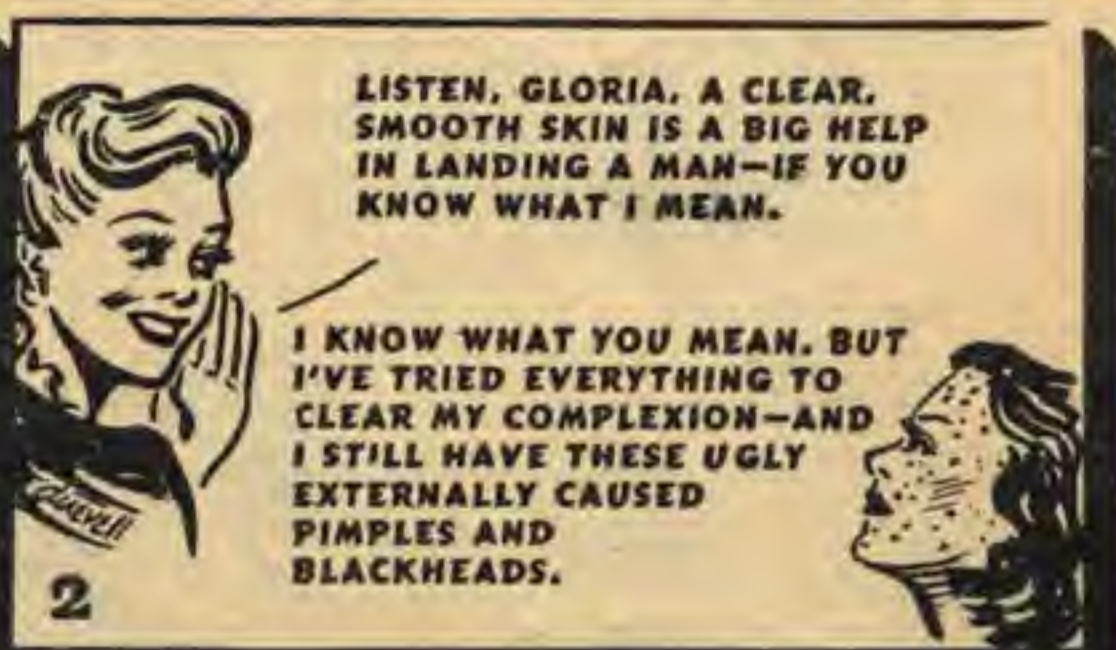




**WEB COMIC  
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YOUR SKIN...  
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

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# The Black Hood

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



IN  
SWEET DREAMS  
OF  
DEATH!



OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A DAY-DREAMING BOY,  
AND AN ANGRY FATHER

ALONZO, WHY AREN'T YOU IN SCHOOL  
WITH THE OTHER BOYS?



I WAS HAVING THE  
MOST WONDERFUL  
DREAM, FATHER! I  
STOOD ON A SNOW-  
COVERED MOUN-  
TAIN, AND.....

DREAMS, DREAMS! THAT'S  
ALL YOU EVER DO..IS  
DREAM!



MAYBE A GOOD WHIPPING'LL  
BRING YOU BACK  
TO EARTH!



I HATE HIM! I HATE EVERYBODY! MY  
ONLY FRIENDS ARE DREAMS! NOBODY  
CAN EVER STOP ME FROM  
DREAMING-I'LL SHOW  
THEM!



AND AS THE YEARS WENT ON, ALONZO CONTIN-  
UED TO DREAM-ALWAYS LIVING IN A WORLD  
OF FANCY!

ALONZO-ALONZO  
BATES!



I ASKED YOU A  
QUESTION! WHY  
DIDN'T YOU  
ANSWER?

I-I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR!  
I GUESS I DIDN'T  
HEAR YOU!





NO, YOU MOST CERTAINLY  
WEREN'T-YOU WERE DAY-  
DREAMING AS USUAL! WHEN  
YOU WAKE UP, YOU MAY BE  
INTERESTED TO KNOW I'VE  
FLUNKED YOU FOR THE  
TERM!



BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN ALONZO'S  
DREAMS WERE NOT SO PLEASANT!

NO, NO! THEY  
CAN'T DO IT!



I WON'T LET THEM DO IT!  
**I WON'T! HELP-  
HELP!**

MR. BATES,  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?



OH-AH, NOTHING, HUMPHREY!  
I WAS JUST HAVING A  
NIGHTMARE-I'M ALL  
RIGHT, NOW!

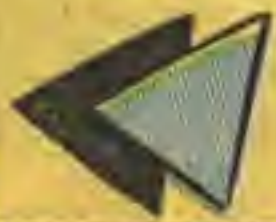
VERY WELL, SIR,  
GOOD NIGHT!



UGH-IT WAS TERRIBLE! I'M HAVING TOO MANY  
OF THESE NIGHTMARES LATELY, INSTEAD OF  
MY BEAUTIFUL DREAMS! I MUST DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT-I  
MUST! IF I ONLY HAD  
MONEY!



ALONZO BATES'  
NEED FOR  
MONEY WAS  
SOON TO BE  
SATISFIED---  
SHORTLY  
AFTER, HIS  
FATHER DIED,  
LEAVING HIM  
HIS MILLIONS!  
THEN HE DID  
A STRANGE  
THING!  
**A  
FANTASTIC  
THING!**



BUILD A PALACE OF DREAMS?  
BUT, MR. BATES, I'M SURE YOUR  
FATHER WOULD HAVE WANTED  
YOU TO DO SOMETHING---  
MORE--AH--PRACTICAL!





SO, DESPITE HIS LAWYER'S FRANTIC COUNSEL, ALONZO SQUANDERED HIS HUGE FORTUNE AND BUILT HIS PALACE OF DREAMS!

I SHALL CALL THIS MY ALPINE ROOM!  
HOW PLEASANT-HOW RESTFUL  
IT IS!

MR. BATES, THIS IS  
TERRIBLE!!

TERRIBLE? WHAT'S  
TERRIBLE?

YOUR BUSINESS IS  
BANKRUPT! YOU'LL  
HAVE TO SELL THIS  
PLACE TO MEET  
YOUR DEBTS!

WHAT, SELL MY  
DREAM PALACE?  
NEVER! NEVER!

WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN  
I RAISE THE MONEY TO  
KEEP THEM FROM  
TAKING MY PALACE?

WHAT'S  
THAT?

YOU! WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

I DUCKED IN HERE! THE  
COPS ARE CHASING ME-  
HIDE ME, MISTER! I'LL  
MAKE IT WORTH  
YOUR WHILE!

CRASH!







YOU MAY TELL YOUR--AH--  
ASSOCIATES, MY PALACE  
WILL BE OPEN TO THEM, IN  
AN **EMERGENCY!** FOR  
A PRICE, OF  
COURSE!

SAY, THAT'S SWELL!  
THIS JOINT'LL MAKE  
A POIFECT  
HIDE-OUT!

IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, HEADLINES SUCH AS  
THESE BECOME VERY FAMILIAR!

Times-Journal  
**BANK ROBBERS  
MYSTERIOUSLY  
EVADE POLICE**

SERIES OF  
ROBBERIES  
CAUSE POLICE  
GREAT ALARM

AND NOW, MY RENT,  
PLEASE--\$20,000!!

TWENTY G'S? WHAT KINDA  
SUCKER DO YA TAKE ME  
FOR? I BEEN PAYIN'  
YA TEN, ALL  
ALONG!

VERY WELL! IT  
SEEMS I MUST  
EVICT YOU,  
THEN!

CHEE! THE  
DREAMER  
KILLED THE  
BOSS!

ANYONE ELSE WISH  
TO PROTEST?

NO, MR. DREAMER,  
WE'LL GIVE YA  
ANYTHING  
YA SAY!

GOOD! AND MY FEE IS  
NOW ONE HUNDRED THOU-  
SAND DOLLARS, DUE TO  
THE DISTURBANCE!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...

FIVE MAJOR ROBBERIES!  
ALL I GET ARE REPORTS  
THAT THE CROOKS  
HAVE VANISHED-I  
WON'T STAND  
FOR IT!

BUT, COMMISSIONER,  
WE'VE SEARCHED  
ALL THE REGULAR  
HIDE-OUTS!



AND WHEN MCGINTY GETS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

FIVE MAJOR ROBBERIES!  
AND ALL I GET ARE  
REPORTS THE CROOKS  
HAVE VANISHED! I WON'T  
STAND FOR IT,  
BURLAND!

HM? SOMETHING  
TELLS ME I'M  
THE GOAT!



THE CROOKS HAVE GOT A  
NEW HIDE-OUT, SARGE.  
SOME PLACE WE'D  
NEVER THINK OF  
LOOKING!

VERY HELPFUL! BUT  
IF YE DON'T START  
THINKIN' PRETTY  
SOON, WE'LL BE  
OUT OF A JOB,  
DAGNABBIT!



LATER, AS KIP PATROLS HIS BEAT---

WHAT'S THAT? AN  
ALARM'S BEEN  
SET OFF!



AND UNLESS I MISS MY  
GUESS, IT'S THE  
JEWELRY  
STORE!



DAT WAS AN  
EASY HAUL,  
WAXIE!

YEAH! LET'S GET MOVIN'  
BEFORE DAT ALARM  
BRINGS DE  
COPS!









HELLO, SARGE! BURLAND-  
REPORTING ANOTHER HOLDUP!  
YEAH, THEY GOT  
AWAY!

THEY GOT AWAY FROM KIP  
BURLAND, BUT MAYBE NOT-  
THE BLACK  
HOOD!

LATER--

WHAT'S THAT? YOU WISH TO  
SEARCH MY PREMISES?  
VERY WELL! WHERE'S  
YOUR WARRANT?

RIGHT  
HERE IN MY  
TWO FISTS!

HUMPH-YOU DON'T  
FRIGHTEN ME, HOOD!  
BUT SINCE I'VE NOTHING  
TO HIDE, I HAVE NO  
OBJECTIONS TO  
YOUR LOOKING!

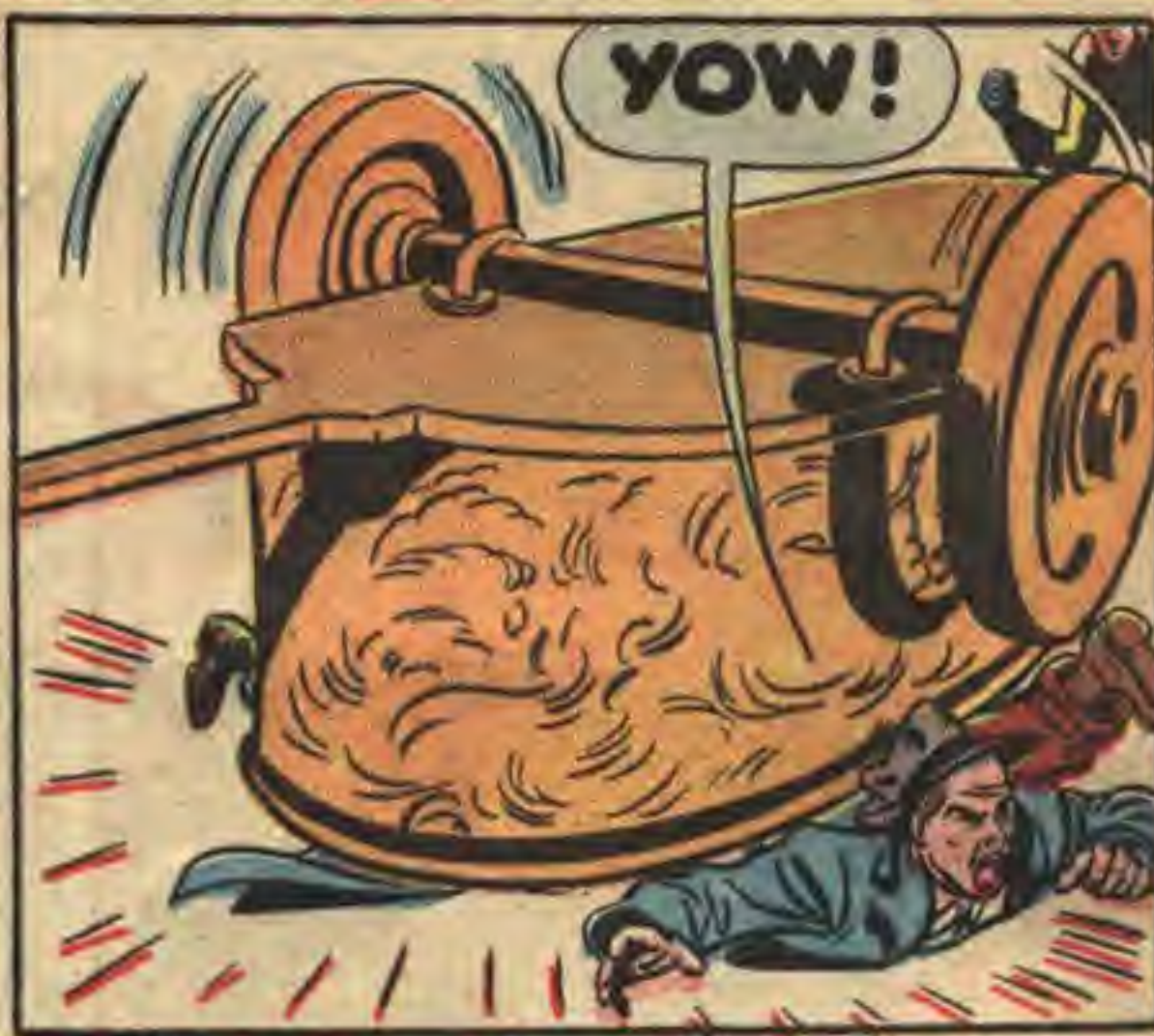
THAT'S BETTER!  
NOW SHOW ME YOUR  
'ROMAN ARENA'  
ROOM!

WHAT'S IN THAT  
CHARIOT?

HERE IT IS! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T  
IT? I SLEEP HERE WHENEVER  
I WISH TO DREAM OF  
THE ANCIENT  
ROMANS!

HE'S WISE TO  
US, WAXIE!!











--IT'S ACTION  
YOU'LL GET!



WELL, WELL! SO YOU'RE  
TIRED OF FIDDLING  
AROUND, EH,  
NERO?



I MUST HIDE--  
MY AMAZON  
ROOM--HE'LL  
NEVER FIND  
ME THERE!

THEN BEGINS A GRIM GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK,  
WITH DEATH AS THE STAKES!

MR. DREAMER, I  
PRESUME?



CURSE YOU, HOOD--THERE'S NO  
ESCAPING  
YOU!



-INTO THE CONSTELLATION ROOM, A MINIATURE  
PLANETARIUM!

WOW! THIS IS FIRST-TIME  
I EVER CHASED A CROOK-  
FROM PLANET  
TO PLANET!



HIS WEIGHT HAS  
BROKEN THE MOON  
LOOSE!







THE LIGHTS? THEY'VE GONE  
OUT! I'M AFRAID OF  
THE DARK!



THIS IS ALL A NIGHTMARE!  
THERE CAN'T BE SUCH  
THINGS IN MY DREAM  
HOUSE-THERE  
MUSTN'T BE!



SHADOWS EVERYWHERE I TURN! THE  
DARKNESS-IT'S CLOSING  
IN ON ME!



DEAD! DIED OF SHEER  
FRIGHT!



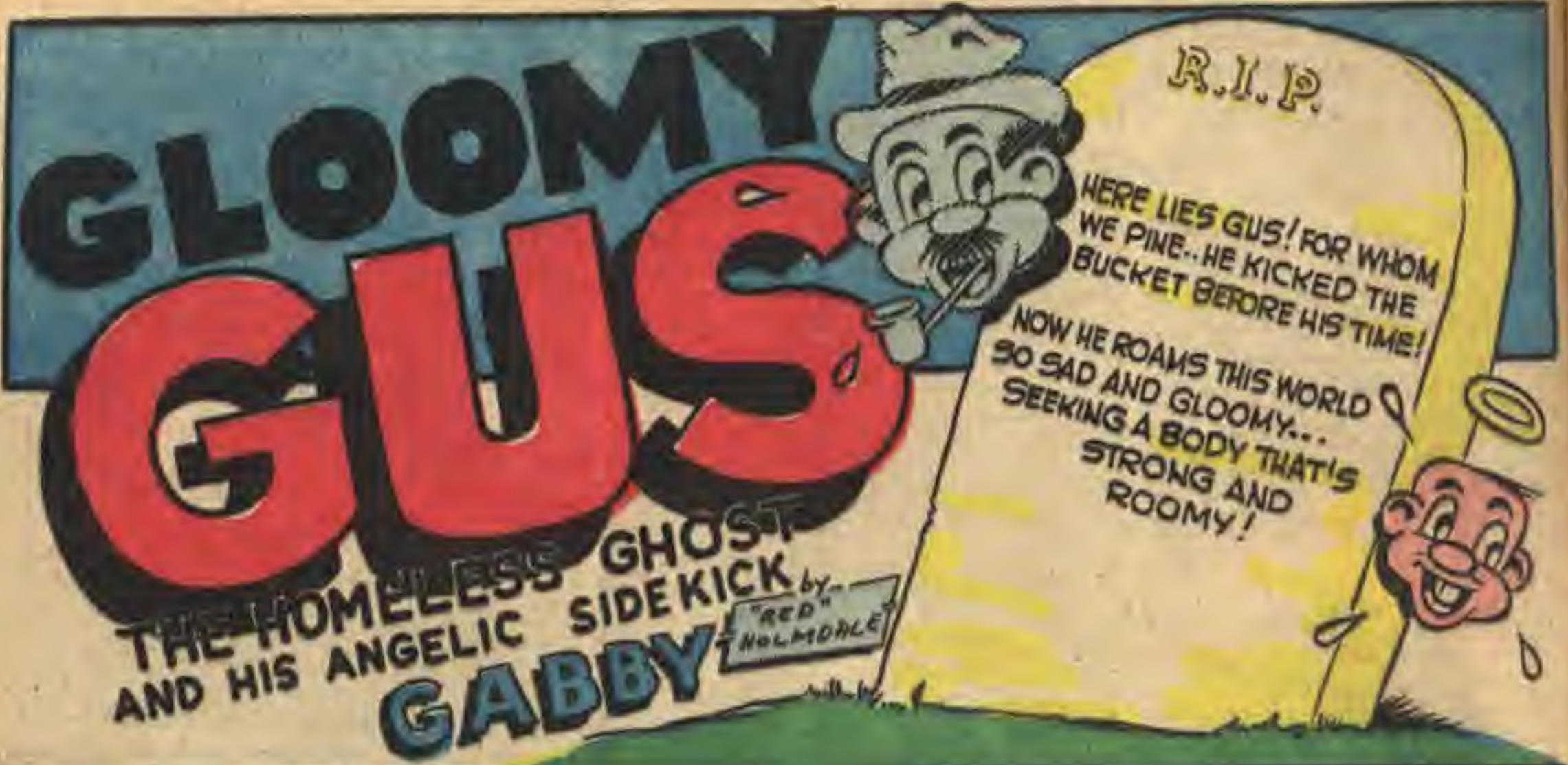
DREAMS WERE MORE REAL TO HIM THAN  
LIFE! IT IS FITTING, I GUESS, THAT THE  
DREAMER SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
KILLED BY A  
DREAM!



ANY DUMB DOPE SHOULD'VE GUESSED THAT THAT  
DREAM PALACE WAS THE HIDEOUT!  
BURLAND-ARE YOU LISTENIN',  
DAGNABBIT?









I'M GLAD YOU AGREE  
WITH ME, GABBY!

B-BUT WHAT'LL  
PETE SAY?



AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T  
STICK AROUND TO LOOK  
AFTER US--I GUESS IT'S  
TIME WE TOOK MATTERS  
IN OUR OWN  
HANDS!

YOU KNOW I DON'T GO MUCH  
FOR THIS FREE-LANCING, GUS!



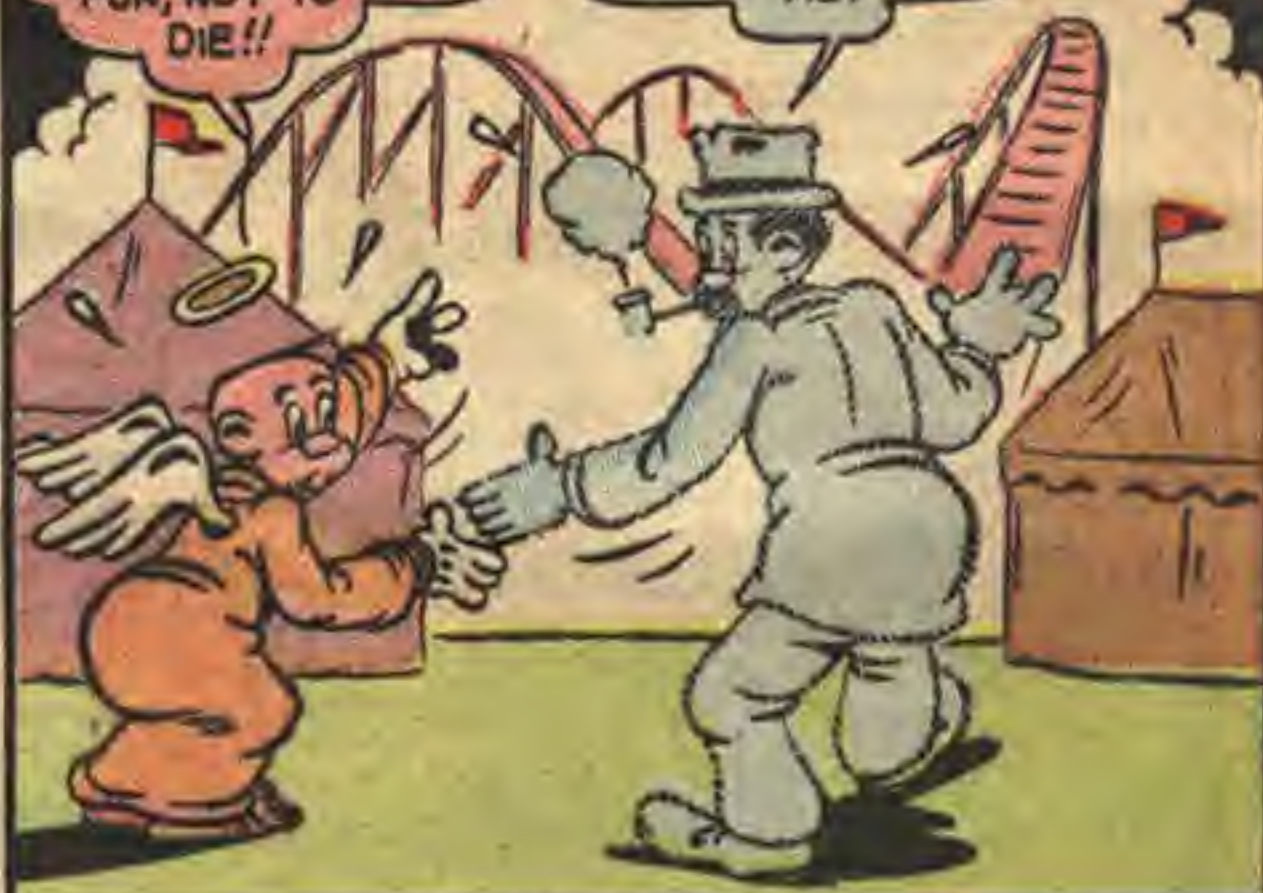
SAY! WHAT'S THIS  
PLACE WE'RE  
COMIN' TO?  
IT LOOKS  
LIKE--

--AN AMUSEMENT PARK IS  
RIGHT, GABBY! WE MIGHT AS  
WELL MIX BUSINESS WITH  
PLEASURE!



BUT PEOPLE COME TO  
THESE PLACES FOR  
FUN, NOT TO  
DIE!!

THAT'S AS MUCH AS  
YOU KNOW, FOLLOW  
ME!



I S'POSE YOU'RE  
GONNA TELL ME THEY  
DIE OF LAUGHTER  
HERE?

NO! BUT LOOK OVER  
THERE--WE GOT  
PROSPECTS!



WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S  
ONE FOR EACH  
OF US!

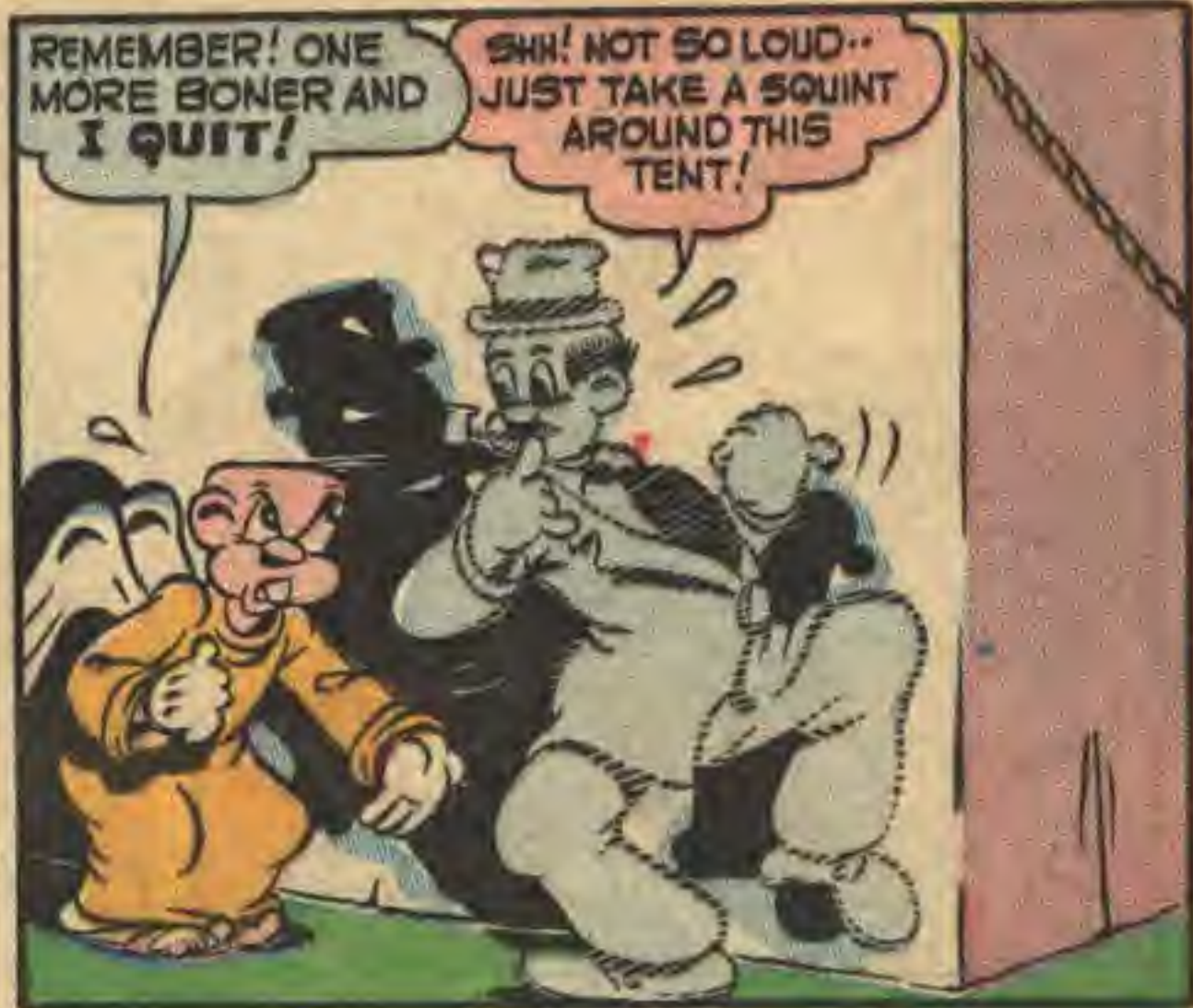
QUIT YAPPIN' AN' LET'S INTERCEPT  
THEM BEFORE THEY GET ALL  
MASHED UP!



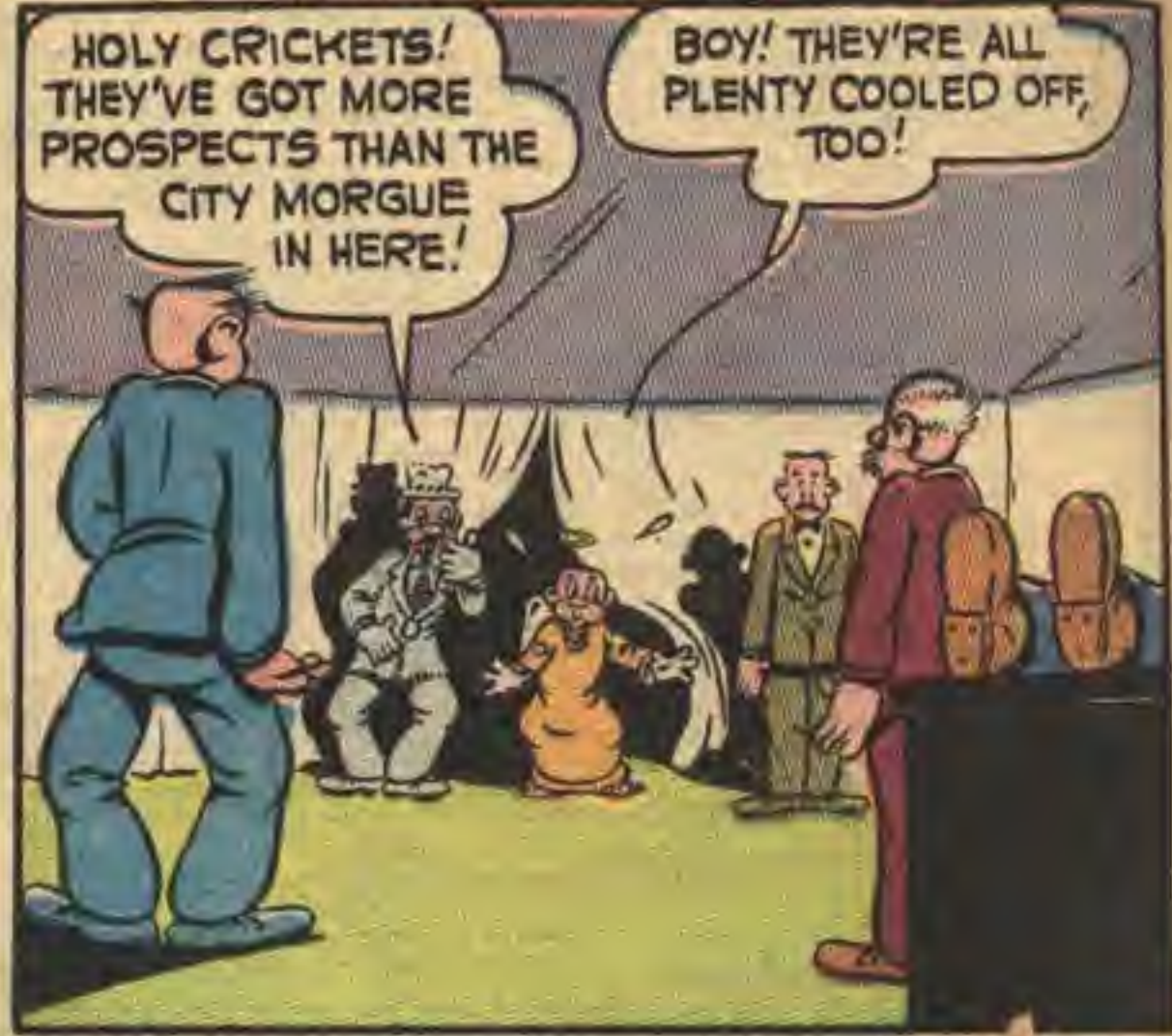


















# The Black HOOD



THE CASE OF THE  
LEOPARD'S  
CURSE!





WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T BABS, THE DEMON REPORTER! HOW'S TRICKS?

SLOW, KIP! JUST WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN THAT I CAN WRITE ABOUT!



HELP!  
HELP!

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE IT'S HAPPENED!



HEY, WHAT GOES ON IN HERE?



GREAT SCOTT! THIS GUY'S BEEN **RIPPED TO SHREDS!**

UGH! WHAT A SIGHT!



HE'S NOT DEAD YET! HE SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

LEOPARD'S..... CURSE! IT-IT'S TRUE! LEOPARD CAME TO LIFE AND--ARR-R -GH!



DEAD! WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THE LEOPARD COMING TO LIFE?





KIP, LOOK-HERE'S A LEOPARD ON THE FLOOR-A BLACK LEOPARD FIGURINE!



WELL, FIRST THING TO DO, IS REPORT THIS TO HOMICIDE!

GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT THE WAY THIS LEOPARD'S EYES SHINE! ALMOST AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER---

DAGNABBIT, KIP! Y'MEAN TO SAY THIS LITTLE STATUE HAD SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THAT STIFF BEIN' CLAWED TO DEATH!

I DIDN'T SAY IT, MCGINTY-- THE VICTIM SAID IT!! JUST BEFORE HE DIED!



HE SAID THE LEOPARD CAME TO LIFE---- AND HE CALLED IT--THE LEOPARD'S CURSE!



DID I HEAR SOMEONE MENTION THE BLACK LEOPARD?

YIS, BEJABERS! AND WHAT'S IT TO YOU?



OH, JUST THAT THE LEOPARD BELONGS TO ME! I'M RICHARD KANE, ANTIQUE COLLECTOR AND I BOUGHT THAT LEOPARD YESTERDAY- I TOLD MR. FAUST I'D PICK IT UP TODAY!

OH, YEAH? WE'LL CHECK ON HIS BOOKS RIGHT AWAY!







IT ALMOST LOOKS AS THOUGH IT COULD COME TO LIFE AT THAT! BUT, OF COURSE, THAT'S NONSENSE!



JUST A SILLY LEGEND!  
IT COULDN'T---  
WHA--?



NO, NO! I MUST BE GOING MAD!  
THE LEOPARD IS  
**GROWING!**



IT'S-IT'S COMING  
AT ME!



**HELP!  
AIEE!**



**ARRAGH!  
AH-H-H!**

GOOD LAND!  
KANE'S IN  
TROUBLE!





IT'S SO DARK IN HERE, I CAN'T SEE A THING?  
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S MOVING  
AROUND IN HERE!



GOT YOU AND DON'T  
TRY TO GET  
AWAY!

**EEE!!**  
LET ME  
GO!

**CRASH!!**

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON----

BABS!



YOU BRUTE!  
YOU STRUCK ME!

WELL, HOW THE SAM HILL DID  
I KNOW IT WAS YOU? YOU  
SAID YOU WERE GOING  
BACK TO THE NEWS-  
PAPER OFFICE!



YES AND YOU SAID YOU  
WERE GOING--EEK!  
WHAT'S THAT?



RIPPED TO PIECES, JUST LIKE FAUST!  
AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN CLAWED BY-BY A  
**LEOPARD!**







THE BLACK LEOPARD-IT'S GONE, BARBARA!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, HOOD?



I DON'T KNOW-LOOKS LIKE A DEAD END!

JUST A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS?



MONDAY 3 SEPT. 1945  
Call Prof Jonathan Hartley



HE'S THE NOTED EXPLORER AND ARCHEOLOGIST! I WONDER WHAT CONNECTION HE HAD WITH ALL THIS?



I'M GOING TO CALL ON HARTLEY! MEANWHILE, YOU CALL THE POLICE!



A WHILE LATER, AT PROF. HARTLEY'S HOUSE-----

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

THE BLACK HOOD, PROFESSOR! I WANT SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU!



KANE, THE CURIO COLLECTOR, WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL YOU, WHY?

I LEARNED THAT KANE HAD PURCHASED A VERY UNUSUAL ITEM FOR HIS COLLECTION--A BLACK LEOPARD! I OFFERED TO BUY IT FROM HIM--FOR HIS OWN GOOD! HE PROMISED TO STOP IN AND GIVE ME ANSWER, BUT HE NEVER DID!



UNFORTUNATELY, I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH BRINGING THAT OMEN OF DEATH TO THIS COUNTRY! IT'S THE IDOL OF A WEIRD TRIBE LIVING IN DARKEST AFRICA--THE LEOPARD MEN!! MY COLLEAGUE AND I WERE ON AN EXPEDITION, MANY YEARS AGO, IN A PLACE CALLED THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!



WE SOON FOUND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED, WHEN WE FOUND ONE OF OUR SAFARI CLAWED TO DEATH!

NO QUESTION BUT IT WAS A LEOPARD! BUT WHERE ARE THE LEOPARD TRACKS?



OUR PORTERS REFUSED TO GO ANY FURTHER---CLAIMING THE LAND WAS BEWITCHED! WE WERE FORCED TO GO ON ALONE!

IS CURSE OF BLACK LEOPARD! WE GO BACK!

**NONSENSE!**



SOMEWHAT LATER, I WAS STARTLED BY A SHOUT FROM CARSON!

GREAT GUNS, HARTLEY! LOOK---



WHAT CARSON AND I SAW, WAS A HUGE BLACK LEOPARD STATUE, GUARDED BY LIVE LEOPARDS.....

**ALL BLACK!**





INSIDE THE STATUE'S MOUTH WAS ANOTHER STATUE - A MINIATURE BLACK LEOPARD, WHOSE EYES GLITTERED LIKE A MILLION SMALL FIRES!



HARTLEY, THOSE EYES ARE **REAL EMERALDS!** WE MUST GET THEM!

NO, CARSON! WE CAME HERE AS SCIENTISTS - NOT THIEVES!



DON'T BE A FOOL, HARTLEY! IF YOU WON'T HELP, I'LL GET 'EM MYSELF!

CARSON-WAIT! THOSE LIVE LEOPARDS'LL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!



WELL, YOU'VE GOT A GUN, HAVEN'T YOU? HOLD THEM OFF!

CARSON, PLEASE? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



HARTLEY, LOOK OUT- THE LEOPARDS!

THERE ARE TOO MANY - RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



WAIT, HARTLEY, THEY'VE STOPPED - THEY SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF THIS FIGURINE!





WE MADE GOOD OUR ESCAPE AND LATER WE WERE EXAMINING THE LEOPARD—WHEN SUDDENLY———!



IN A FEW SECONDS, IT HAD GROWN TO A FULL-SIZED LEOPARD AND ATTACKED CARSON!! I FLED AS FAST AS I COULD!



I MADE MY ESCAPE, SOMEHOW, AND GOT BACK TO THE U.S.A.! I NEVER SAW THE "BLACK LEOPARD" AGAIN!—THEN—MR. KANE PHONED ME FOR A CONSULTATION, TO CONFIRM THE GENUINENESS OF THE STATUE! HE KNEW I HAD BEEN TO THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!



I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW HE EVER GOT POSSESSION OF THE 'BLACK LEOPARD'!

HMM! A STRANGE STORY—VERY STRANGE!



ACCIDENTALLY, THE HOOD'S FINGERS REST ON WHAT SEEMS TO BE A BOOK-END

HOOD! GET YOUR HAND OFF THAT ELEPHANT!



THE HOOD'S FINGER TOUCHES A HIDDEN SPRING—THE ELEPHANT SNAPS OPEN—REVEALING—

THE BLACK LEOPARD! SO YOU NEVER SAW IT AGAIN, EH?





THEN HOW DOES THIS COME TO BE IN YOUR POSSESSION? AND WHY WERE YOU HIDING IT?



ALL RIGHT, MY CURIOUS FRIEND! SINCE YOU INSIST ON KNOWING-I'LL TELL YOU! IT WAS I WHO KILLED CARSON AND STOLE THE LEOPARD!



I WANDERED IN THE JUNGLE FOR WEEKS, HOPELESSLY LOST! BY LUCK, I WAS PICKED UP BY A PASSING SAFARI, UNCONSCIOUS AND ALMOST DEAD! BUT, THE BLACK LEOPARD WAS GONE-FOR YEARS I SEARCHED FOR IT! THEN, A FEW DAYS AGO, I FOUND IT IN FAUST'S CURIO STORE!!



HE WOULDN'T SELL IT TO ME, BECAUSE HE'D ALREADY SOLD IT TO KANE! SO I WAS FORCED TO USE OTHER MEASURES-THE BLACK LEOPARD KILLED THEM BOTH, HOOD! JUST AS IT'S GOING TO KILL YOU, NOW!



-JUST THEN-

YOU'RE MAD, HARTLEY! UGH-THAT SMOKE!



THE LEOPARD'S ALIVE! IT'S COMING AT ME!





I FEEL DIZZY! MUSTN'T FAINT NOW! MUSTN'T!  
-HAVE TO FIGHT LEOPARD!



STRAINING HIMSELF TO THE LAST OUNCE OF HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, THE HOOD FIGHTS OFF HIS DIZZINESS!



CAN'T RESIST ANY MORE - TOO WEAK  
TO MOVE - TOO WEAK!



-JUST THEN-







ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,  
BLACK HOOD?



Y-YES! WHAT HAP-  
PENED? WHERE'S  
THAT LEOPARD  
YOU SHOT?

I DIDN'T SHOOT ANY  
LEOPARD-I SHOT  
HARTLEY!



YOU WERE FIGHTING WITH HARTLEY  
THEN A PECULIAR SMOKE CAME  
FROM THE LEOPARD'S MOUTH  
THAT HAD A STRANGE  
ODOR, ALMOST  
NAUSEATING!



THEN, WHEN YOU WENT LIMP,  
HARTLEY TOOK THIS METAL  
CLAW AND WAS ABOUT  
TO RIP YOU  
WITH IT!

I SEE IT ALL  
NOW!



THAT SMOKE WAS A DRUG THAT WEAKENS THE WILL!  
-THEN IT WAS SIMPLE FOR HARTLEY TO HYPNOTIZE  
HIS VICTIM INTO THINKING THE LEOPARD  
CAME TO LIFE!



THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE CURSE OF THE  
BLACK LEOPARD! WELL, IT'S CLAIMED ITS  
LAST VICTIM-IT'S GOING INTO THE HANDS  
OF SOMEBODY WHO SEES IT STAYS  
OUT OF TROUBLE--

UNCLE  
SAM!



# IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!

HO-HUM--SWELL DAY  
TO SLEEP BY THE  
FIRE ---



*Burton*

**TROUBLE!**  
COME HERE!

UH-OH!

RUN DOWN TO THE  
CORNER AND GET  
MY NEWSPAPER!

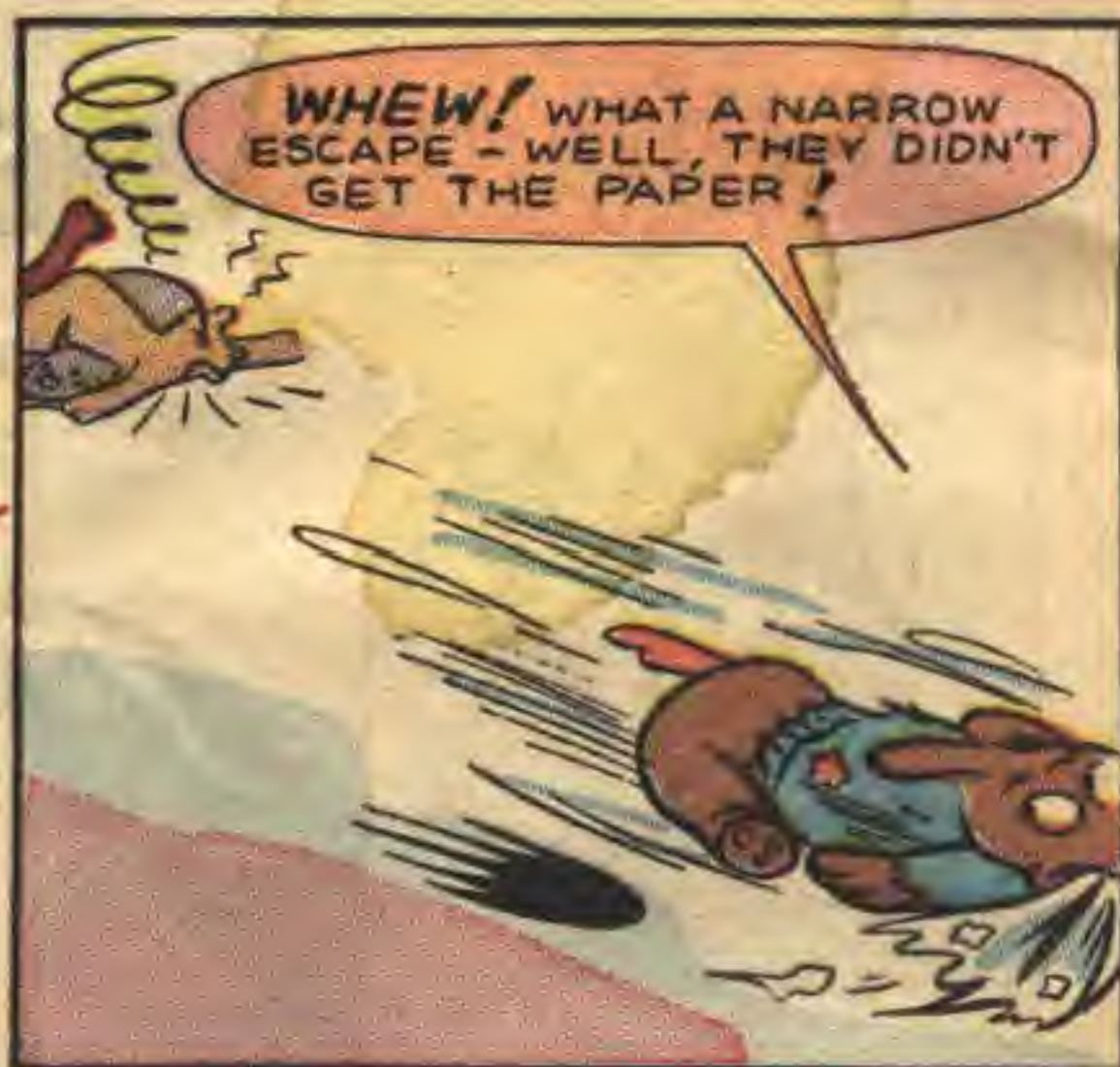
YOU'LL BE  
WARM AND COZY  
IN YOUR NEW  
SWEATER ---

**BR-RR!** IT'S COLD--  
MIGHTA KNOWN IT  
WAS TOO GOOD TO  
BE TRUE!

AT THE STORE ---

HERE YOU ARE,  
TROUBLE ---











# DOUBLE X MARKS THE SPOT

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

**“YOU’VE** got to help me, Kip,” Charlie Drew said anxiously, as he and Kip Burland pushed past the swinging doors into Mike’s Beer Parlor. “That kid brother is letting himself in for a pack of trouble if he continues hanging around with the Swamplands Mob!” His red hair fell over his eyes, and he pushed it up with a nervous gesture.

“I’ll do what I can, Charlie,” answered Kip, “but he’s over twenty-one——”

Together Kip and Charlie crossed the smoke-filled room to a small table at which Harry Drew sat. He gazed up at them with glazed eyes. “Well, what do you want?”

Quietly Kip sat down, and motioned Charlie to leave.

“What’s the matter with you these days, Harry?” he asked. “Why don’t you lay off drink and running around with that Swamplands Mob? They’ll only lead you to trouble.”

“Listen, copper,” said Harry, “just ‘cause you’re a pal of my brother’s doesn’t give you the right to

stick your nose in my affairs. I’m going in for excitement in a big way—and I like it!”

“Just one more question,” said Kip. “Who is the leader of the mob? Tell me that.”

“I don’t know and I wouldn’t tell you if I did.” Harry got to his feet. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills and nonchalantly tossed a twenty onto the table. “I leave big tips, you see. You ought to tell my brother that he’s missing out on a lot of fun.”

Harry strolled to the pay phone, dropped a nickel in the slot and shut the glass door. From where he stood, Kip could see the excitement mount in Harry’s eyes. In a moment, the young man dashed out of the booth, through the swinging doors, and into the street.

“This looks like a case for The Black Hood,” Kip murmured to himself, as he raced after Harry. In a flash he was seated in a cab, shouting to the driver to follow Harry’s car.

The two cars swerved

around corners and down long streets . . . directly toward the swamps at the edge of town. Finally, Harry’s car drew up. Harry disappeared in the shadows—and a moment later, edging through the darkness after him . . . was The Black Hood!

“He might have gone up one of a dozen doorways,” The Black Hood muttered. “I’ll try this one first.” As he started double time up the creaky stairs, a shot suddenly rang out. Then another. “Next door,” said The Black Hood grimly, turning on his heels.

In three seconds, he had gained the entrance to the warehouse. In a far corner, a safe had been rifled, the tin boxes jimmied open. Suddenly The Black Hood stopped! A pair of feet protruded from behind a chair!

It was Harry! A bullet-hole smudged his forehead with a dark-reddish stain. Blood was oozing over the floor. “Too late . . . much too late!”

The Hood continued to look around. A black silk mask lay on the floor. Then



a green piece of paper attracted his eye. He bent down; it was a twenty dollar bill, lying underneath Harry's bloody hand. With his finger, just before he died, Harry had smudged two crosses and the letters R-E-D over the face of it! Like a flash, a solution of the crime darted across The Black Hood's mind.

He rushed down the stairs, and nearly bumped into Harry brother, Charlie. Charlie stared, and his eyes filled with fear.

"The Black Hood!" he whispered. "What are you doing here?"

"I might ask you the same question," said The Hood.

"I was worried about my brother," said Charlie. "I followed him up here in a cab, but I'm not sure exactly where he went."

The Black Hood looked cold, deadly. "Your brother was murdered a few minutes ago," he said deliberately.

Charlie blanched. "The Swamplands Mob. They did it. They did it."

"No, Charlie," said The Black Hood. "You did it! I understand the symbol your brother left—R-E-D and the two crosses. They mean doublecross, Charlie—doublecross by a red-head. You, Charlie!"

Charlie snarled, and a gun leaped into his hand. His mild face showed bitter hate. "Sure I did it. The rat was helping me on a job without knowing I'm the head of the Swamplands Mob, and my mask fell off. He said that if I didn't give him a seventy-five percent cut on all future jobs he'd tell the cops about me . . . so I killed him." The gun spat fire. "You're the only guy who knows it—and now you're dead!"

The Black Hood had leaped to one side. "Not quite," he said. His hand moved with the speed of lightning, and cracked.

whiplike, against Charlie's wrist. The gun dropped to the floor. Charlie's yellow streak showed up now. His face contorted, and he turned on his heels and ran. Away from The Black Hood . . . directly toward the fetid swamps. The chase began.

One foot from the thick mud of the swamps . . . one half foot . . . one quarter foot. Charlie stopped. There was no going forward; and, with The Hood there, no going back.

Charlie lashed out with his fist. The Black Hood went under it . . . and then Charlie ran, blindly, recklessly. Suddenly, he staggered and fell headlong into the swamps. "Quick-sand!" he shrieked. "Help me!"

When the Black Hood came up it was too late. For a moment, only Charlie's hand showed—the hand which had wielded the death gun. Then it too was gone.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of BLACK HOOD COMICS published quarterly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1945

State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Black Hood Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 241 Church St., New York 13, N. Y.; Editor, John L. Goldwater, 241 Church St., New York 13, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Harry Shorten, 241 Church St., New York 13, N. Y.; Business Manager, Harold Hammond, 241 Church St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M.L.J. Magazines, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.; John L. Goldwater, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.; Louis H. Silberkleit, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.; Maurice Coyne, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of Sept., 1945.

(Seal)

Maurice Coyne, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1946)





# The Black Hood

MAN OF MYSTERY

SALE  
BUY A  
"PERFECT"  
SLEEP MATTRESS

THE CASE OF THE  
SLEEPING  
BANDIT..



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SLEEPYTIME SAM, THE SURE CLUE OF HIS WHEREABOUTS IS A FAMILIAR SOUND EFFECT--



CONFOUND YOUR LAZY HIDE! SAM, WAKE UP! SAM!



YOU'RE FIRED!  
DO YOU HEAR ME?  
FIRED!!



HUH?

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO FINISH THIS WINDOW DISPLAY THREE HOURS AGO! I WARNED YOU BEFORE! YOU'RE THROUGH AT CLOSING TIME!



WHEN IS THAT?

IN TWO HOURS!

SINCE I HAVEN'T GOT A JOB-I MIGHT AS WELL SLEEP TILL THEN-- G'NIGHT!



AT THE JEWELRY COUNTER--

OKAY, SISTER!!  
THIS IS A  
STICKUP--HAND OVER  
EVERYTHING!!



"RED MIKE"  
DONLIN!





FLASHING SECONDS LATER, KIP BURLAND BECOMES-----

**THE BLACK HOOD!**



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO SHOW UP!

**OW!**



YOUR SPECIALTY OF ROBBING DEPARTMENT STORES IS WHAT TRAPPED YOU, RED MIKE!!



SOONER OR LATER, WE HAD TO MEET, LIKE THIS!

**ARR-**

**PONK!**



NEXT STOP IS THE CITY JAIL!



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE, HOOD!

**HEY!**





NOW'S OUR CHANCE -  
LET'S BEAT IT!



STASH THE JEWELS! THEY'LL BE SAFE  
UNTIL WE COME  
BACK FOR  
'EM!

MEANWHILE, IF WE GET CAUGHT,  
THERE WON'T BE NO EVIDENCE!



HUH? I'LL GET UP. YOU  
DON'T HAFTA GET  
ROUGH ABOUT IT!



OW, MY HEAD! OH, HEY, JOOLS!  
I STRUCK IT RICH!



SOMEONE'S COMIN' - I'D  
BETTER HIDE THESE  
JOOLS!





DID ANYONE  
COME IN  
HERE?

NOT A CHANCE - NOT  
A CHANCE!

BUT THE BLACK HOOD CHECKS ANYWAY--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

ER-I'M HELPIN' THAT GUY  
IN THE WINDOW!

HM? THAT'S HIMSELF HE'S  
HELPING! THIS LOOKS LIKE  
A DEAD END-I'D BETTER  
GO BACK ON DUTY!

- BUT, AS  
THE 'BLACK  
HOOD' REPORTS  
BACK, AS  
KIP BURLAND -  
THE TWO  
CROOKS  
RETURN  
TO---

THIS IS THE SAME  
PLACE, ALL  
RIGHT!

ARE YOU  
SURE, RED  
MIKE?

SLEEPATORIUM

SURE, HE SAYS! I DIDN'T GIT WHERE I AM FROM  
BEING A DOPE! THIS  
IS IT!!

OKAY, OKAY--DON'T  
GET SORE!

-AND THEN, IN THE OFFICE OF THE 'SLEEPATORIUM'!!

YOU CAN'T GIVE BACK THE JEWELS, BECAUSE YOU USED  
THE MONEY FROM SELLING THEM TO BUY THIS PLACE!!  
BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO MAKE  
**YOU PAY OFF!**

I-I'LL DO ANYTHING  
YOU SAY!!



YOU BET YOU WILL-IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP NIGHTS! HA, HA, THAT'S A GOOD ONE! AS FAR AS THE COPS KNOW, WE'LL ALL BE SLEEPING NIGHTS FROM NOW ON!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER--IN PRECINCT 71-----

WHAT'S THAT?



ROBBERY AT SWITHIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE! LET'S GO!

SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF "RED MIKE" DONLIN'S JOBS!?



MCGINTY, THAT CAR?

WHAT ABOUT IT?



"RED MIKE" DONLIN WAS AT THE WHEEL!!

FLEEING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, EH? HE WON'T GET FAR!!



THERE'S THE GETAWAY CAR!!









BUT THAT MAN INSIDE IS "RED MIKE" DONLIN! WE SAW HIM DRIVING A CAR JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S BEEN IN THERE, SLEEPING LIKE A BABY FOR HOURS!

HAH! I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED! YOU MADE A @\*\*!!!# FOOL OUT OF YOURSELF!

I GUESS SO!

I'LL STICK AROUND, SERGEANT! YOU GO AHEAD TO SWITHIN'S!

THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD HAVE GONE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP! SO.O--IT'S TIME FOR THE BLACK HOOD!

LUCKY THE FELLOW WHO OWNS THIS PLACE IS SUCH A SOUND SLEEPER!!

WHA-? "RED MIKE" DONLIN'S ROOM IS EMPTY!

OKAY, HOOD! YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

OH-H-H!



WE'VE FIGURED A PLEASANT FINISH FOR YOU, HOOD!  
IT'S A SPECIAL TREAT FOR PATRONS WHO HAVE A  
BAD CASE OF INSOMNIA! WE FILTER A LITTLE  
NARCOTIC GAS INTO THE ROOM TO  
HELP THEM SLEEP!



I GET IT! YOU'RE  
INCREASING THE  
DOSE FOR ME!

YOUR DOSE WILL BE FATAL, HOOD! YOU'LL  
SLEEP YOURSELF TO DEATH! AND THE TIME  
LOCK ON THIS DOOR WON'T OPEN  
UNTIL YOU'RE A CORPSE!



STAY ON GUARD, SLEEPYTIME!  
JUST IN CASE THE HOOD  
TRIES ANY  
TRICKS!

YAWN-LEAVE HIM  
TO ME, MIKE!



"RED MIKE" MADE A SIMPLE  
MISTAKE! HE TIED ME UP SO  
I CAN'T MOVE-BUT HE BOUND  
THE ROPES TO THIS CHAIR!



THE ROPES CAN'T BE BROKEN-  
BUT THE CHAIR CAN!



HE WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THE TIME LOCK!  
I CAN'T-OPEN-THIS DOOR! AND I'M-  
GETTING SLEEPY--  
ALREADY!



THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT-  
THE SAME WAY "RED  
MIKE" USED!









# PICK YOUR PRIZE



THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**



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Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

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It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of mated birds given for selling 4 orders of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.



## Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful set given for selling only 1 order of seeds. Sent Express Collect.

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**WE TRUST YOU.**



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State \_\_\_\_\_

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Just 5 of the Thousands I Have Helped



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